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Songs in Many Keys

BY

EMMA INGOLD BOST

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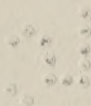
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Dedication

This volume is affectionately dedicated to
my husband whose interest
made it possible.

E. I. B.

Hickory, N. C., December, 1920

The Author is Indebted to
Rev. Eugene F. deHeald
and
Mr. A. J. Bradshaw
for the scenes used in illustration.

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Helpfulness

If any story I can write
Will make some burdened heart grow
 light
Or cause some weary face to smile,
That little story is worth while.

If touch of my sustaining hand
Can help some wavering one to stand,
And make its life worth while to live,
That little touch I want to give.

If any song that I can sing
Can but a moment's pleasure bring
And solace one with its refrain,
That song has not been sung in vain.

Our pleasures hinge on such small
 things—
The cheery word, the voice that sings,
The helping hand with gentle touch—
These little things can mean so much.



I

Songs of the Seasons

“Perceiv’st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in ev’ry shape they wear?”

—Dryden

The New Year

We question on its threshold, what will the New Year bring?
Will hearts be dumb with sorrow, or lips be glad and sing?
Will those that we love be with us, be near us all the way?
Or will some cord be broken that binds us close today?

Will Fortune smile upon us throughout the coming year?
Or will Misfortune bring us her sorrow, grief and tear?
Will skies be bright above us, and days be calm and still?
Will storm and stress and tempest combine to work their will?

But no, we will not question, we will not seek to know,
What the New Year is holding for it is better so.
The Old Year is behind us. The New Year, veiled from sight,
Is ordered well, and this we know "Whatever is, is right."

Spring

Oh! the charm of Spring with its golden hours,
With its colors rich and its wealth of flowers,
So rare and sweet the whole world seems
Like a country fair I have seen in dreams.

And the tender green of the grass and trees,
The sway of boughs and the hum of bees,
And the wooing winds that so softly blow
As they call and call where the waters flow.

Just to idly dream on a day like this
Is all heart could ask of rapturous bliss,
All should be music and innocent mirth
When Spring's gorgeous mantle is decking the earth.



A Miracle

I looked, on a Winter morning,
In wonderment and surprise.
The world was a place transformed
Before my enraptured eyes,
Each branch and tree that yesterday
The Winter's bleakness wore,
Today, with a million diamonds
Is brilliantly covered o'er.
Each blade of grass, each house top,—
Each bare and unsightly place
With its new and radiant covering
Is a marvel of glittering grace,
As the sun shines out in his beauty
And the gems flash again and again
So grand, so entrancing the vision,
The pleasure is almost a pain.
And I thought a glimpse of this glory
Might help us to understand
The change that awaits all the holy
In that fair, undiscovered land,
Where all are as pure as the crystals
That cover the old earth today,
Where the Son with his radiant splendor
Makes gems from our imperfect clay.

In the Summer

Everything is at its best
In the Summer;
There is time for needed rest
In the Summer.
Then the earth yields treasures rare,
Fruits abundant, flowers rare,
We can almost banish care
In the Summer.

Frost and cold we need not fear
In the Summer.
Not a chilling wind comes near
In the Summer;
All the glorious summer day
Just to idle, just to play,
For the world is glad and gay
In the Summer.

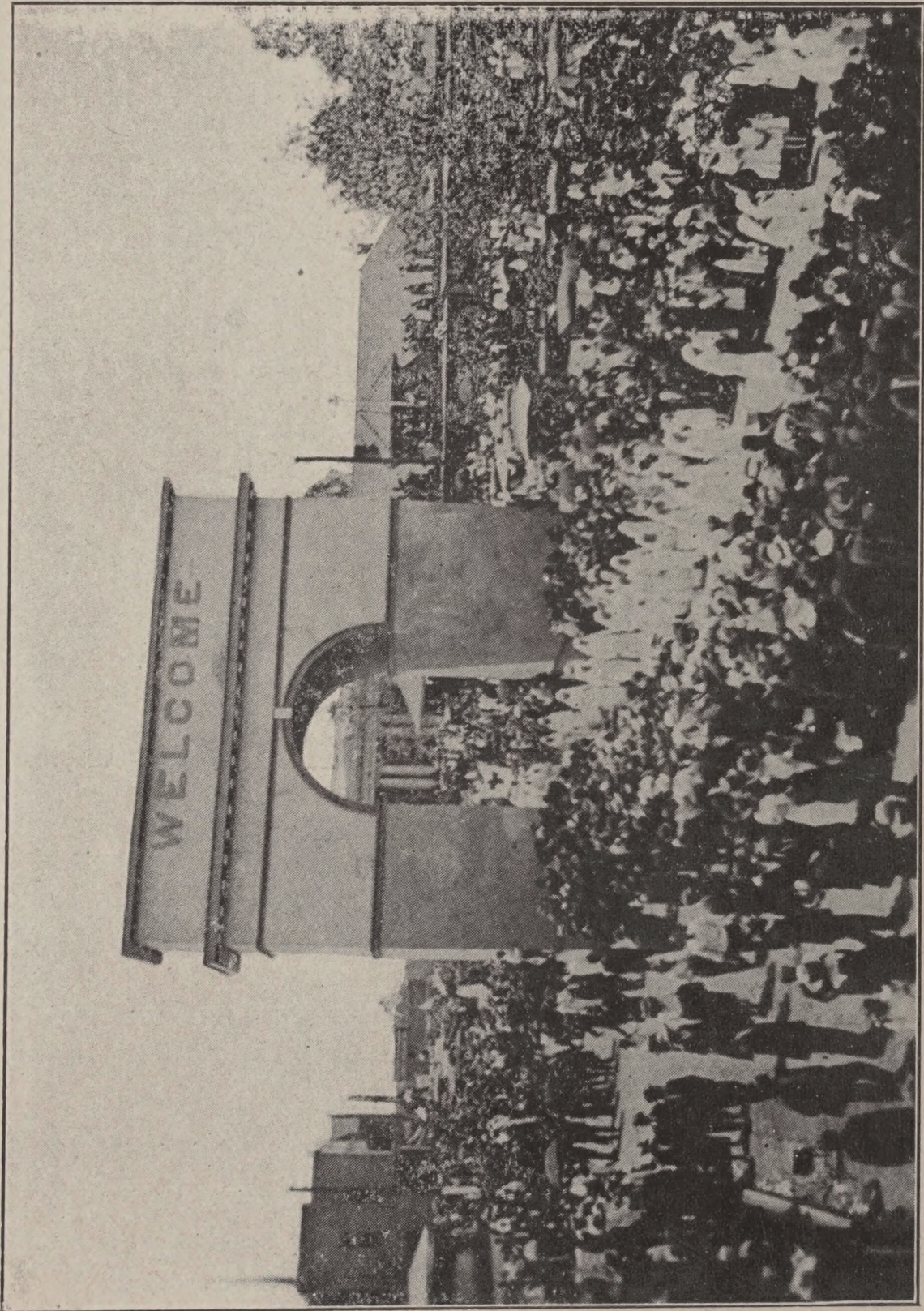
And the balmy nights we love
In the Summer;
Katydid around, above,
In the Summer;
Days and nights spent out of doors,
On the lake the splash of oars—
Nature lavishes her stores
In the Summer.

II

War Songs

“If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep,
Though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.”
Lieut.-Col. John McCrae.

Hickory's welcome to her
returning soldiers
May 8, 1919



The Service Flag

(Dedicated to the Boys of Corinth Reformed Church, Hickory, December 25th, 1917).

Pure and unsullied as the White
When wars and fighting cease,
God guard and bring you back to us
And speed the dawn of Peace.

Each valiant son we recognize
And place a true Blue Star;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers go out
For you, where'er you are.

The glowing Red that folds you round,
America's strong arm,
In home or foreign lands, we pray
It keeps you safe from harm.

And if the Flag be floating long
Or if the Flag be furled,
Our hearts go out to you today
Through all the whole wide world.

My Country Dear

My Country with thy teeming lands,
My country dear, my country dear!
With helpful, guiding, willing hands,
My Country dear, my Country dear!

When tyrants cruel seek to harm
And War sends forth its dread alarm,
Stretch forth thy all-protecting arm
My country dear, my country dear!

Let never tyrant make his throne,
My country dear, my country dear,
Where rulers are thy people's own,
My country dear, my country dear!

Fair Land, reach out across the sea,
The suffering ones thy brothers be
Who stand for God and Liberty,
My country dear, my country dear!

Protect our men with thy strong hand,
My country dear, my country dear,
Who fight for Home and Native Land,
My country dear, my country dear!

Thy care and kindness to them shown
No soldier brave shall stand alone.
They are our pride, they are our own,
My country dear, my country dear!

1918.

A Knitting Song

(After "Everybody Works But Father," with no apologies to the author).

Everybody knits but father and he
winds yarn all day,
Forming the big balls swiftly that
knit so slow away;
Mother casts on stitches, for she can do it
right;
Then everybody knits at our house,
morning, noon and night.

Lucy knits a sweater as she walks
around,
Using, (per instructions) five eighths
of a pound;
Annie knits the wristlets, for she can
quickly purl,
"Knit two, purl two," always a most
industrious girl.

Nancy knits the mufflers, the easiest
work of all,
The work that is best suited to one so
young and small;
Carrie knits the helmets and wonders who
they'll fit,
And hopes they're not mistaken for
a glove or mitt.

Peggy knits a wash cloth, she
 knits one in a day,
While her thoughts are wandering
 many miles away;
Mother does the "binding" and knits
 the well shaped socks,
Then all are sent together in the
 Red Cross Box.

No one has time for cooking, no
 one has time to eat,
No one has time to visit or gad upon
 the street;
Everybody knits at our house be-
 cause we think it right,
Everybody knits at our house morning,
 noon and night.

1918.

America

Thou Nation, strong and great and good
In storm and stress—as nations should,
For God and Right hast ever stood,
America! America!

When kings and tyrants seek to harm,
And War sends forth its dread alarm
Stretch forth thy all-protecting arm,
America! America!

Dear Land, in this the World's dark hour
Swift lend the Allies of thy power
'Til war clouds shall no longer lower,
America! America!

On all thy foes confusion send
To those oppressed thy succor lend
'Til cruel war shall have an end,
America! America!

Let never tyrant make his throne
Where rulers are thy people's own,
Where, worth, not birth shall make them known,
America! America!

Fair Land, reach out across the sea
The suffering ones thy brothers be
Who stand for Right and Liberty,
America! America!

1918.

Our Boys in France

They hastened to answer their country's call
With never a backward glance,
To-day they are standing with courage high
And are fighting "somewhere in France."

We dared not question, "Is it for you
To meet the dread foe's advance?"
"Can we give our boys, our dear, brave boys,
Who may never come back from France?"

Would we have them turn unheeding ears,
To idle, and play, and dance,
While others are leaving and giving their all
For Humanity's sake, in France?

Striving to match their courage grand—
No thought for the foeman's lance—
We gave "God-speed" with an aching heart
When they took their leave for France.

Be it ours to send them the cheering word;
Their pleasure it will enhance
To know we are bravely "doing our bit"
While they do their best in France.

If prayers for the dear, dear boys avail,
They can come to no mischance,
And after the war how we'll welcome them,
Our heroes, safe home from France!
1918.

The Changes of a Century

If Washington could come to life and see his
 charming full grown daughter,
If he should fail to doff his hat, you'll think
 with me he surely ought to.
I think he'd say "Columbia dear, you have grown
 beyond my expectations;
It gives me joy to see you take the foremost place
 among the nations."
Columbia would be proud to show to Washington
 her grand inventions
And all her gifted sons would vie in showering him with kind
 attentions
If to the "movies" they should go with all the
 ages brought before him,
No doubt that Washington would think some wizard's
 spell had fallen o'er him.
The navy yards and army camps that sprang up
 quickly in a season
Columbia would show him next and plainly give
 the need and reason.
If she should say, "Dear father, come, I'll take
 you for a few hours flying,"
I think that George would be polite the while he
 though that she was lying.
If at a Suffragists parade he'd ask "Why to
 such measures driven?"
Her answer: "They but seek today the heritage
 you should have given."
Somewhere he might observe a strange, a queer,
 an unattractive creature—
"That, father, is a Pacifist, that now has
 no redeeming feature."
The telegraph, the telephone, the trains that
 pass with roar and thunder
And many other things would fill George Washington
 with awe and wonder.

And in the Senate chamber he might hear some things
that would astonish;
(How well if George could once return, advise, assist,
reprove, admonish).
If to the White House he should go, Columbia still
his good confessor,
He'd own in Woodrow Wilson he had found a worthy
wise successor.
Then he would say, "Let me go back! Columbia my
splendid daughter,
I've seen the things I had not dreamed upon
the earth, in air or water.
Yet let me see you win this war," (such words from
him would not surprise her)
"Fight first, fight last, fight all the time until
you've crushed the cruel Kaiser!"

1918.

After the War

"After the war is over,
When I come back, will I find
The same dear, loving sweetheart,
So true, so brave, so kind?"

"After the war is over,"
Her words ring clear and true—
"After the war is over,
I'll be waiting here for you."

"Though you come with pomp and glory
Or just as you go today,
My prayer is this, "God help you,
Through all of the weary way,"

"And though the day be distant
When our dreams fulfillment see—
Only come back," she whispered,
"Yes, only come back to me."

After the war is over,
With the skies serene and blue,
After the war is over,
God grant that their dreams come true.

1918.

Back Home

They are coming back o'er land and sea,
Back home to you and me;
God speed the train, and guide the ship
That brings them o'er the sea.

What royal welcome we will give
Our heroes tried and true!
What wealth of love to compensate
War's perils they passed through.

And though they come to us unscathed,
Or maimed by shrapnel shell;
We only ask that they come back
To those who love them well.

And if our eyes are dimmed with tears,
The reason they will know—
It is for those on Flanders' Fields
'Neath crosses "row on row."

Welcome Our Heroes

Welcome, our heroes! Welcome home
to hearts so true!

Welcome, thrice welcome! All hearts
honor you

Who in Life's fair morning marched without
one backward glance—

Service flags adorning—to the fields of France.

Chorus:

Welcome, thrice welcome! Heart and voice in song
we raise.

Lauding our heroes in our songs of praise.

Your country called you, forth you fared
so brave and strong

Bright, bold and fearless—on your lips
a song.

When we watched you leaving how we fought
the gathering tears,

Fearing War's bereaving or long cruel years.

Chorus:

No more War's hardships, take the victor's
crown you've won!

Heaven's richest blessings fall on each
brave son.

We will still remember, long as life—and mem'ry last
How our gallant heroes to the right held fast.

Chorus:

Yet in our greetings, pause that one
 fond tear be shed
For valiant heroes whom we call "the dead,"—
Who in far off Flanders, where the bright,
 red poppies blow,
They are sleeping under "crosses row on row."

Chorus:

Rest ye, brave heroes! Rest ye, for
 the victory's won,
Rest ye, brave heroes! for your work'
 is done

1918.

Peace

When all the world was young
And Life brimmed o'er with health
One crowning joy I craved
That crowning joy was wealth.

When tired with weary years
Of seeking what was best
The sweetest gift I sought
For tired hands was Rest.

Not now for Rest or Wealth
My prayer—only that wars may cease
I pray for greatest boon,
For universal Peace.

1918

To Those Who Fell

(Written for Mrs. J. H. Shuford, and beautifully sung by her at a Memorial Service by the American Legion, Post 48, in Corinth Church, Hickory, N. C., March 21, 1920, when the French diplomas were presented to the near relatives of "those who fell.")

Here we have come to honor heroes brave
Who for the Right their country fought
to save;
Those who went forth to distant land to
die—
In far-off Flanders' Field at rest they
lie.

Here we would come to render homage due
To those who fell—those heroes brave and
true,
Here tell with pride, though eyes are
dimmed with tears,
We'll keep their mem'ry through all coming
years.

The sacrifice supreme they grandly made
And, though our debt to them can ne'er be
paid,
Yet we can give deep gratitude and love
On Mem'ry's page their names all else
above.

Here we have come to render honor due
To those who fell—those heroes brave and
true;
Here tell with pride, though eyes are dimmed
with tears,
We'll keep their mem'ry through all coming
years.

Lord, keep our Country's pages free from
stain,
That those who died gave not their lives
in vain;
May we who live give loyalty and truth
Like those who gave their all—their lives
their youth.

Here we have come to render homage due
To those who fell—those heroes brave
and true—
Here tell with pride, though eyes are dimmed
with tears,
We'll keep their mem'ry through all coming
years.

Lower the Flag

(Tune—"Drink to me only with thine eyes")

Dedicated to Lieutenant Orin Morrow Sigmon who made the Supreme Sacrifice. Sung by Mrs. J. H. Shuford January 4th, 1920, when the Service Flag of Corinth Reformed Church, Hickory, N. C., was lowered).

Lower the flag! The Service Flag,
Glad that its need is o'er;
Proudly unfurled, through weary years,
Each dear-loved star it bore.
Lower the flag! Our Service Flag!
We love each shining fold;
Pride in each star of deepest blue,
Tears for the star of gold.

Lower the flag while hearts beat high
For deeds our boys have done;
Heroes so true, we rev'rent stand
To honor each brave son.
Lower the flag! Our Service Flag!
We love each shining fold,
Pride in each star of deepest blue,
Tears for the star of gold!

Through coming years we'll guard it well,
A treasure that will show
To all the world our men went forth
And conquered every foe!
Lower the flag! Our Service Flag!
We love each shining fold,
Pride in each star of deepest blue,
Tears for the star of gold!

About Face

Let me go back to fair, unclouded days,
Let me go back to smooth and pleasant ways,
When hearts knew not War's wrench and wreck and rack
Let me go back, let me go back!

Let me go back when friends were gathered near,
When all were free from dread and pain and fear,
When no one felt a need, a loss or lack—
Let me go back, let me go back!

Let me go back when Peace, sweet Peace, held sway,
When sound of War disturbed not, night or day,
When, safe at home, no fear of foes' attack—
Let me go back, let me go back!

Alas! To none can come departed days,
All must go on through strange, untrodden ways;
Take courage, heart; I will not shirk nor slack—
I'll say, "Go on!" no more, "Let me go back!"

1919

November 11---Have We Forgotten?

Would we had power to show—that they might see
Those soldiers brave who died for you and me—

That they are not forgotten.

Though some all lost in greed of gain appear
And some seem pleasure mad—react from fear—

Still they are not forgotten.

Who could forget the sacrifice they made—
Youth, love and life on Country's altar laid?

Think you they are forgotten?

And those come back from camp or overseas
Who carry always War's grim memories—

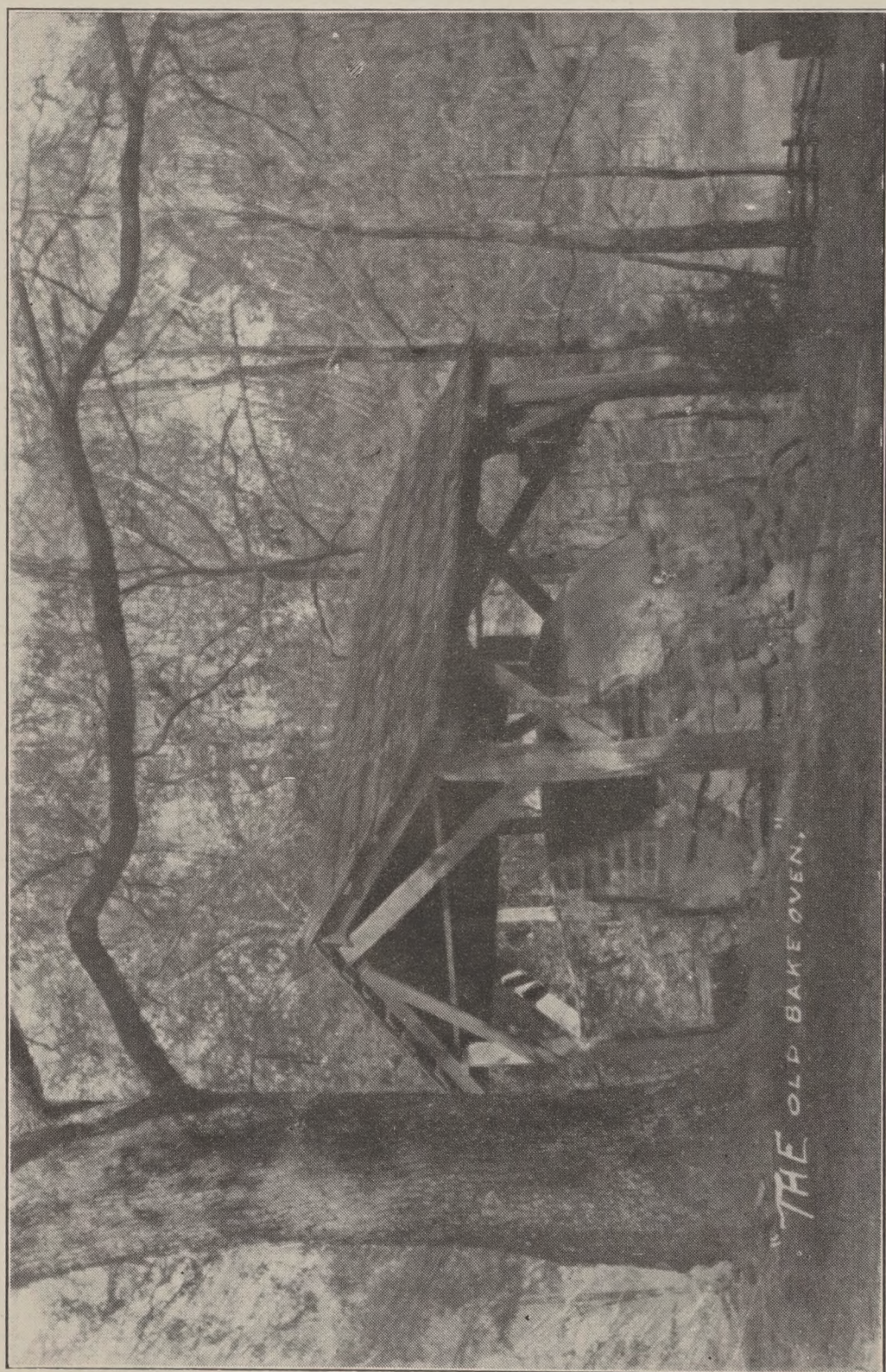
They shall not be forgotten!

This day that marks their sacrifice not vain,
When joy of victory mingles with the pain

They shall not be forgotten!

And when at that last reveille we stand
With them, in that far undiscovered land

They shall not be forgotten!



III

Kitchen Songs

“We may live without friends;
We may live without books;
But civilized man can not
live without cooks.”

—Owen Meredith.

Canning Time

(Dedicated to all who can)

Let housewives sing the woes of Spring
And cleaning house in rhyme—
There's nothing quite so hard to me,
There's nothing that I hate to see
Like canning time; like canning time.

When I survey the long array
Of empty cans and jars
To be filled with beans and corn,
I almost wish I had been born
On far-off Mars: on far-off Mars.

The woods invite and mountain height
With crag and peak sublime—
But peeling fruit both soon and late
Is my unalterable fate
In canning time; in canning time.

With finished task, my neighbors ask:
"How many cans have you?"
And then I almost burst with pride
My answer cannot be denied
"Four hundred jars and forty-two."

Doughnuts

The fruit cake is for winter, strawberries
for the spring
And peach cream in the summer is just
about the thing;
But if you ask for something that's
liked by one and all,
Just try the good Dutch doughnut—
the doughnut in the fall.

You who have indigestion, this rhyme
is not for you,
So do not stop to question—some other
food must do.
But if rich food you care for, I'll tell
you how to make
The good old-fashioned doughnut, the
finest sort of cake.

You take a cup of sugar, three eggs,
a little lard,
A cup of milk and flour—stir these
together hard;
Two teaspoons baking powder into
the flour is mixed—
Enough for a soft, spongy dough you
should have ready fixed.

Roll out and cut with cutter and when
the lard is hot,
If they brown at once, it's ready; if
they don't, why it is not.
When I said "lard" I meant it—from
oils deliver me!
If dough and fire are right, better
cakes you will not see.

If you have indigestion, my warning
I repeat,
This receipe is not for you, these cakes
you should not eat.
My sympathy is extended if these you
must forego.
There are some, perhaps, will tell you
"Try nuts without the dough."

Chow-Chow

My mother's making chow-chow, the
art she understands;
The various things that make it have
come from many lands.
Into the sausage grinder—all washed and
scoured and bright—
She puts tomatoes, onions, and cabbage
crisp and white,
And peppers, giving pungence, she uses
green and red
All these into the grinder alternately are
fed
And then she mixes salt in, as much as
she thinks right,
And this in sacks she empties and presses
over night,
Next day the smell of spices by passerby
is caught,
The turmeric, celery seeds and cloves from
distant countries brought—
White mustard seeds, ground mustard and sugar
by the cup.
And good, strong, cider vinegar which is not
heated up.
And when she says it's ready and to the
table takes
We all say there is no chow-chow as good
as mother makes.

Angel-Food in Rhyme

If for the childrens' birthdays
You wish for something good—
A cake that will not hurt them—
Just try this angel-food.

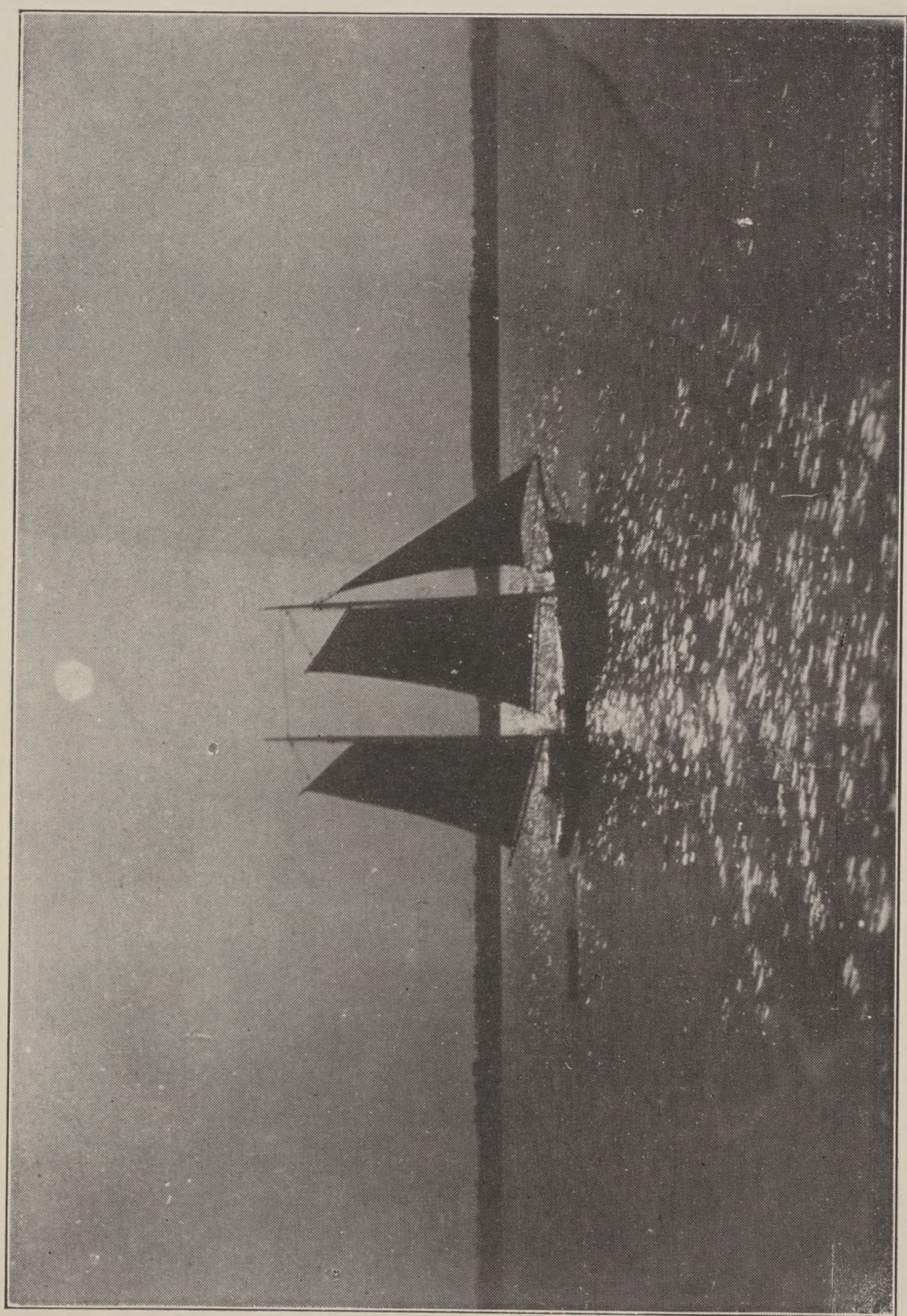
A glass of sifted flour
And one of sugar, take,
Sift five times well together
If a success you'd make.

A glass of eggs—whites only—
You beat till very light
With a tea spoon cream of tartar,
If you would have it right.

Fold in the flour and sugar,
A tea spoon vanilla take,
In very moderate oven
Put quickly in to bake.

Bake this in moderate oven
Three quarters of an hour.
Be sure you do not beat it,
And use the best of flour.

If this you follow closely
And make them o'er and o'er,
Each member of the family
Will beg for one piece more.



IV

Songs in Minor Keys

“Ships that pass in the night, and speak
each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in
the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak
one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness
again and a silence.”

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

October Seventeenth

“Not long the living weep above their dead.”

—John Charles McNeill

Just this one day—this day to weep
For him who lies in peaceful sleep—
Through all the years this day we'll keep.

Just this one day—for hearts still ache
Because he never more will wake—
(Hearts suffer much before they break).

We stretch our hands to him in vain,
The friend we loved comes not again—
O bitter loss and lasting pain!

O tender heart! O singer sweet!
In that far country shall we meet
When sorrow's storms no more shall beat?

O cherished friend, the years move slow
Until that time when we shall go
To be with those who wait, we know.

We turn our faces toward that land
Where hand shall no more grope for hand,
Where we shall know and understand.

1907.

Remembrance

I thought at Christmas-tide to lay
 The holly wreath with berries red,
Because your memory lives with me,
 Though others say that you are dead.
But Nature with a mantle soft,
 With loving hands had been before,
And deep and white—an emblem fit—
 Your grave with snow had covered o'er.
I brought Spring flowers at Easter-time
 To lay where snow had lately been;
Lo! Nature had been there before
 To deck your grave with living green.
Though we forget at Easter-tide
 The lillies with their grace and charms,
Kind Nature decks your resting-place
 And holds you in her sheltering arms.

Anchored

(In Memory of Mr. Lewis L. Anewalt)
When I shall have come to the River
That flows at my last Journey's end—
The River that none may cross with me,
Not father nor mother nor friend;

When tired hands cease from their labors
And rest comes to travel-worn feet,
And eyes that are weary from sunlight
Find shadows at evening are sweet;

I crave that some word might be spoken
When I come to that River so wide;
Some word like the hundreds have uttered
Of one who so lately has died.

"His life was a blessing to others,
His kind words and deeds freely given
With no thought of self—they must surely
Be stored up as "treasure in Heaven."

Almost we can hear the waves beating
Almost we can see the far shore
That seems so much fairer and nearer
Since he, our dear friend, has crossed o'er.

Soft, soft fall the rain where he's sleeping,
Soft, soft as the dew on the sod—
We know that his beautiful spirit
Is anchored, safe anchored, with God.

Bitter Sweet

(To M. B. B.—March 9th, 1910)

I know, I know that he has reached
that land
Where some day, tearless, we shall
understand;
I know that undiscovered country's
near,
Where God himself will dry each falling
tear;
I know that he is safe from all that
harms,
Safe folded in the Everlasting arms;
I know our loss is his infinite gain,
For there he's free from sickness,
grief and pain;
I know—and this is bitter-sweet,—that
there
He has no need of our protecting care;
I know the comfort that our dear friends
gave
With sweetest words, and flowers that
hid his grave;
I know that on our sunny-hearted boy,
Life lavished much of happiness and
joy;
I know our Father loves, and knows,
and cares,
That every pain and grief with us he
shares;
But so much more, with aching heart,
I know
That he is gone before, and "years
move slow."
And none may understand save only
God;
How hearts can bleed, the while we
kiss the rod!

At Eventide

The hours of the day have voices
If we try our best to hear
They are soft, or low, or strident,
As we train and attune our ear;
 But spirit-voices sweetest call
 At eventide, when shadows fall.

The voice of morning, insistent,
With its sound of bugle and drum,
Calls forth to the daily combat
Where the forces of labor hum,
 But sweetest hour, best hour of all,
 Is eventide, when shadows fall.

Slower, with softer cadence
Is the voice of the afternoon
That promises rest from labor
And the night that cometh soon,
 When the setting sun, a golden ball,
 Gives eventide, when shadows fall.

Each voice has for us a message,
We can hear or not as we choose—
Sometimes in our haste and hurry
That song of the day we loose,
 But we listen when spirit-voices call
 At eventide, when shadows fall.

The voices of the night are mournful,
So fraught with unrest and fears
We shrink from their minor music
Or list with unwilling ears,
 But we welcome the voice, in cot or hall
 Of eventide, when shadows fall.

Despondency

Write rhymes today
When skies are gray?
I cannot work,
Each task I shirk.

With beating rain
On window pane,
My muse takes flight
Till skies are bright.

Each sudden sound
Seems ghosts around,
In every room
I hear them come.

Strange, strange that we
Dependent be
For joy or pain,
On sun or rain.

Take Courage

What matter if skies are dull and gray?
What matter if steadily falls the rain?
Take courage, the clouds will pass away,
The warm bright sun will shine again.
What matter for us that the hours of pain
Have racked and torn through all the night?
Take courage, through suffering much, we gain
Into others' suffering a keen insight.
What matter for us that weary miles
Are stretching 'twixt us and our dearest friends?
Take courage, some day kind Fate with smiles
Will see that the separation ends.
It matters only that we shall bear
The cloud, the pain and the absence long
With hearts courageous, without a fear,
For after the sorrow will come the song.

Sun and Shade

Swiftly, so swiftly the days go by
With never a sorrow and never a sigh—
With merry voice are the glad songs sung
When days are bright and the heart is young.

Slowly, so slowly, hearts aching and sore
With longing for those we meet no more—
The songs all sung and the tales all told
When the skies are dark and the heart is old.

But whether the skies hold rain or rift
And the days are slow or the days move swift,
And whether 'tis sunshine or shadow in sight,
Each brings us at last to the long, sweet night.

Our Holy Dead

In last, long rest they're sleeping,
Each in his narrow bed;
Night's silent stars are keeping
Watch o'er our holy dead.

Oftimes we feel them near us—
Here where our hearts have bled
Endeavoring to cheer us,
Our lost, our holy dead.

Oh, sacred spot and holy!
We come with rev'rent tread;
Though they were high or lowly
They are our holy dead.

With sheltering trees, and flowers,
Their fragrance sweet to shed,
And nature's gentle showers
To bless our holy dead,

We'll deck with verdant beauty
Their quiet, peaceful bed,
A privilege and duty
We owe the holy dead.

1920

V

Songs of the Road

“O gift of God! O perfect day;
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Car on the Sand Clay Road

(After "The House by the Side of the Road.")

There are hurrying souls who fly through
the air,

Others ride on the trains, at their ease—
But give me my car on a sand-clay road,
And others may ride as they please.

There are indolent souls who sleep half
the day,

There are others who work without rest—
Let me up with the dawn, my hands on the
wheel—

And beside me the one I love best.

There are ease-loving souls with hammock
and book

That squander the sweet summer day—
But give me the engine's throb and hum
Over miles upon miles of the way.

Let others drive horses or travel by boat

Or tramp on the long, tiresome hike—

Let me ride in my car all the long Summer
day

And stop over wherever I like.

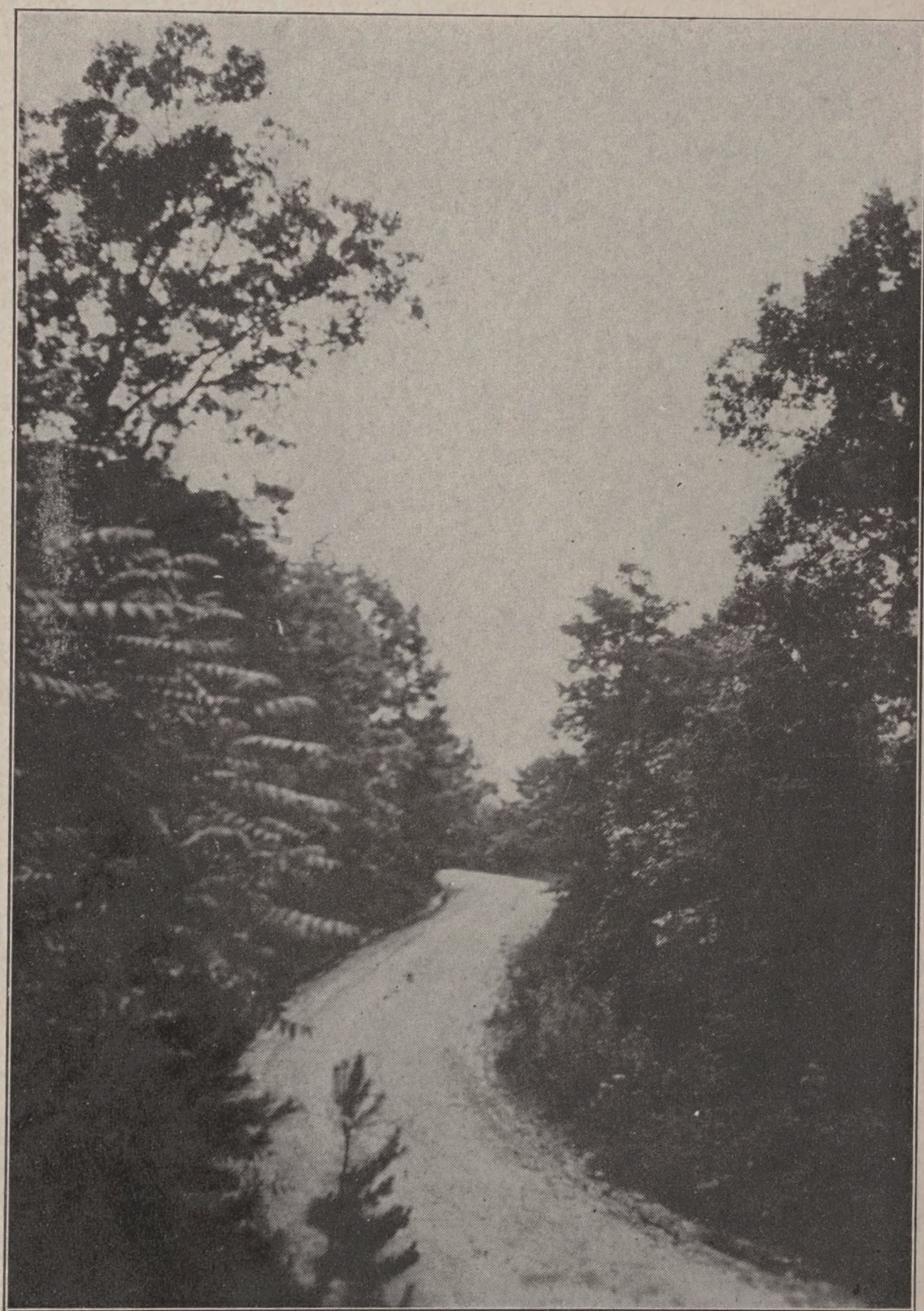
Let me ride in my car on a sand clay road

With never a goal to be won,

And others may work or rest as they will

From the rise to the set of the sun.

1913.



Then and Now

The trip to Blowing Rock was slow
Some thirty years, or more, ago.
We planned the trip for many days
And sought the very best of ways
The many needed things to take—
The coffee pot, the pans to bake,
The frying pan, the dishes too,
The bright tin cups, so nice and new.
Provisions for a two weeks' trip;
No single item must we skip;
And bed clothes in the wagons went
With kettle, dishpan, gun and tent.
We took great cans of bread and ham
And jellies, pickles, pies and jam;
It took a day to pack these right,
But 'twas a most imposing sight.
We rose betimes, ere break of day,
And with the sun were on our way.
Beyond Lenoir we camped at night,
The tent we pitched, the camp fire bright,
The Yadkin, with its murmur deep,
Lulled us and soothed us in our sleep.
Next day we reached the mountain top
And "Fair-View" was our final stop.
Our raptured eyes, that never tired,
The famous Blowing Rock admired.
It was a trip for youth and lovers,
For Cupid near such parties hovers.

Today we rise and break our fast,
And if the sky is not o'ercast,
And if the sun seems like to shine,
We say: "At Blowing Rock we'll dine."
We are ready when the car comes 'round,
And then go skimming o'er the ground.
We make the long ascent with speed,
To pause for rest there is no need.
No chance has Cupid now, I ween,
For eye and ear watch the machine.
We reach the Rock and side trips make
Before the homeward ride we take.
Perhaps in future days so fair
We'll make the journey through the air;
Make as you like this ascent steep,
"Grandfather" still his watch will keep.

A Tiresome Story

Did you ever rise some morning when the
 sun was warm and bright,
And your heart was like a feather, for
 your spirits were so light,
And the smiling skies above you were like
 turquoise—deepest blue,
And you started on a little jaunt, as others
 often do?

Did you reach your destination, a hundred
 miles, we'll say,
Your spirits still undampened by some blow-
 outs on the way,
And after your companions finished shopping
 in the town,
Did the clouds begin to gather, and the rain
 come pouring down?

Did it keep on raining harder the whole
 long journey home,
While here and there you skidded and wished
 you had not come?
And lest you felt important as owner of
 a car,
Did Fate send a dozen blow-outs, your happiness
 to mar?

Were you hours and hours upon the road, and
did you miss your way?
Did you promise if you once reached home,
at home you'd surely stay?
Did you reach home after mid-night with
badly shaken nerves,
After what seemed miles of skidding, and
fifty dangerous curves?

Did you say if you were pardoned for
going off so far,
You would never take another trip in
any-body's car?
And did you soon forget it, and pleased as
pleased could be,
Say, "Yes, it was delightful!"? You did?
Well so did we.

September, 1914.



VI

Songs of Home

“Stay, stay at home, my heart,
and rest;

Home-keeping hearts are
happiest,

For those that wander they
know not where

Are full of trouble and full
of care;

To stay at home is best.”

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

To Peggy

(April 6th, 1916)

I saw you first one April day
When Nature was all blithe and gay,
With daffodils and violets blue—
So violets make me think of you.
All free from care, your winning face
Was full of every tender grace,
Your little, fragile, clinging hands
Have bound me fast as iron hands.
Your words were music to my ear,
Though all misunderstood, I fear,
And when you smiled with happy mirth,
I caught a glimpse of Heaven on earth.
I've watched, in many varied scene,
Your face all tranquil and serene,
No frown nor line its beauty mars,
Your twinkling eyes are like twin stars.
May all your life be like the flower
That blossomed for your natal hour,
The dainty, fragrant violet blue
That always makes me think of you.



The Ramseur Reunion

I've been to the reunion and it was simply
 grand
To meet five hundred cousins, the finest in the land.
"Twas "Cousin Tom" who met us and gave us
 greeting kind,
More gracious host and hostess it would be
 hard to find.
The spacious home was open and pleasant
 porch and lawn
Were filled with those who gathered by the
 ties of kindred dawn.
There we saw Jims and Charlies and Daves
 and Claudes and Kates.
And Samuels, Johns and Henrys and some from
 other States;
And Margarets, Sues and Marys and Annies by
 the score,
From early morn till evening they kept coming
 more and more.
The speeches were delightful; they made us
 all feel glad
That we were Ramseur kindred, and yet they
 made us sad.
And such a picnic dinner upon long tables
 spread,
Such cakes and pies and chickens, Dutch
 cheese and ham and bread—
It was a great reunion where all were at
 their ease,
Where you could talk and come and go
 exactly as you'd please.

February Rain

A driving rain on the window pane,
A book and an open fire,
A long, long night to read or write—
What more could the heart desire?
The “movies” wait and the hour grows late,
But I do not heed the call,
The raindrops’ beat makes music sweet
As fast and faster they fall.
No voice I’ve heard of singing bird
Can so charm when Spring is near—
Like tinkling bells I love them well
When my soul is attuned to hear.
No call of friends, no word they send,
Can lure me from books and fire;
With a driving rain on my window pane
What more could the heart desire?

School Time

All through the Summer the house was gay
With mirth and music and innocent play,
And cheerful faces would go and come
Because the children were all at home.

The house is silent, all strange and still—
No one to answer me, call as I will—
And days of loneliness is the rule,
Because the children are off at school.

From mild September till Christmas comes
We wait their coming in vacant homes—
But soon—for Life has made this rule—
The child must enter his long, hard school.

To Phoebe

At last I've found the model girl,
Her hair she does not stop to curl,
In shopping she does not engage,
No clubs or cards with her the rage.

She does not tease for handsome clothes
Her brain is free from thoughts of beaux,
No cross or unkind word she gives
To those within whose home she lives,

She's young and pretty, good and sweet
As any girl you'd wish to meet—
The secret must at last be told—
Pheobe is only six weeks old.

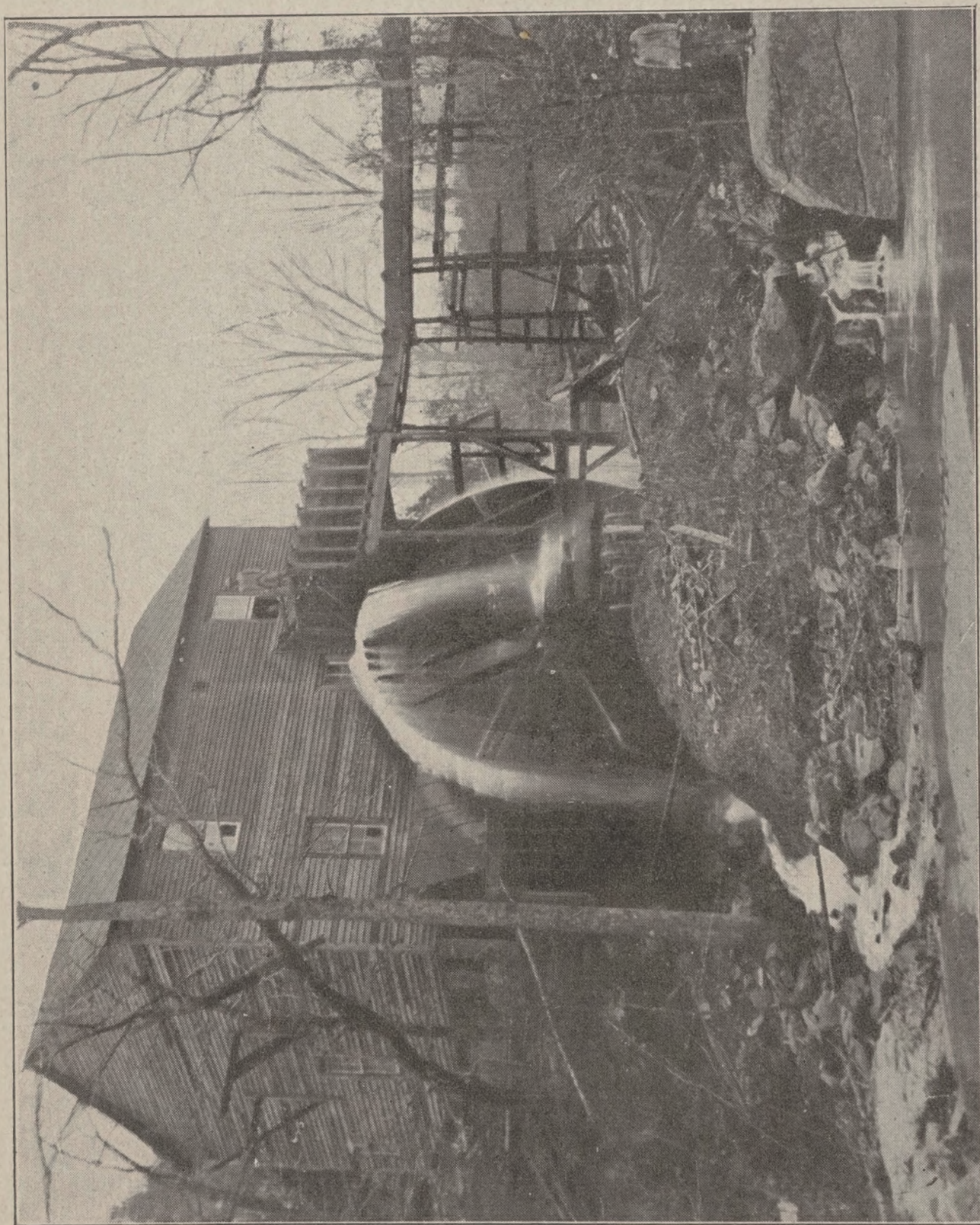
Sept. 22nd, 1915.

The Quarantine for Flu

They say the flu's the very worst
thing you have ever had,
But seems to me the quarantine is
not entirely bad.
Our family gets acquainted since
we have no place to go,
And so I say the quarantine is like
"ill-winds" that blow.
Now father reads his paper and talks
to us, of nights,
And mother reads and talks and sews,
or long, long letters writes.
Big brother Jim—away all day—
stays home and plays a game,
And sister Jane—(the movies closed),
Why she does just the same.
No lessons now for me to learn—
the schools are closed up, too—
And so I say it's not so bad—this
quarantine for flu.
And after while Jane plays the songs
we've scarcely heard before,
Because no one was ever home—she
plays them o'er and o'er.
Then everybody goes to bed to sleep
the whole night through,
And father says that, flu or not, it is
what we should do.
And we have just the nicest times—
the best we ever had—
And so I say the quarantine is not
entirely bad.

Memories

Christmas is not what it used to be
When the family circle all unbroken,
Awoke to the joys that the season
 brought
With "Merry Christmas" and gifts and
 token.
Well, the circle was broken long
 years ago
And the times have changed past our
 recognition;
We pause for a day, do the hours
 move slow
This day that should herald the
 year's fruition?
But spite of the present-day stress
 and change,
We long for the dear, remembered
 faces,
And Memory holds on her pictured
 walls
These framed in the old, the accustomed
 places.
The memories come and the memories go,
Some touched with sadness, some
 tinged with regret,
But touched with sorrow or touched
 with joy
Dear Christmas memories—who could
 ever forget?



VII

Miscellaneous

“Turn, turn, my wheel! All life
is brief;

What now is bud will soon be
leaf,

What now is leaf will soon
decay;

The wind blows east, the wind
blows west;

The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak
and breast,

And flutter and fly away.”

—Henry Wordsworth Longfellow.

Wishes

If a fairy should offer to grant you one wish,
While waving her hand lightly o'er you,
What choice would you make? What one wish supreme
Would rise, on the instant, before you?

Would you ask for good friends—surely life's
greatest gift?
Or for honor, or fame, or renown?
Would you ask that your days in quiet be spent?
Or for life in the big, bustling town?

Would you ask her for jewels, for silver or gold?
Would your heart turn to riches and treasure?
Or would you choose love as your heart's dearest wish—
Love lasting, love true, without measure?

Though before Youth and Age scores of wishes might rise,
The one wish from all those who roam—
The one dearest wish—the one wish supreme—
Not for fortune or fame—but for HOME.

A Service Song

Tune—Webb.

For health, for peace. for plenty,
For country, home and friends,
We render thanks unceasing
For all His goodness sends.
May we with warm hearts burning,
Strive in this glorious day,
By gifts we bring the Master
This debt of love to pay.

What service may we render?
What offering shall we bring?
To render grateful tribute
To Christ, our Lord and King?
Each one, though high or lowly,
With talents great or small,
May serve as she is able,
For there is work for all.

Not all may cross the ocean
But all can serve Him here;
Though all may not be leaders,
To some the call rings clear.
But room for faithful followers
Of these a mighty band
Who work for Him with gladness,
With willing heart and hand.

Then "Forward be our watch-word,"
From hindrances set free;
Until at last we gather
Where all His glory see—
Where we will hear the welcome
When Life's long race is run,
"Well done thou faithful servant,"
When we the crown have won.
1920.

The Mountain Whites

(After "The Native Irishman.")

Before I came from way up North
To this delightful place,
I thought the native Mountaineers
A funny sort of race.

I thought they lived in tiny huts,
And none of them wore shoes.
And none of them could read or write
And all said "you-uns" and "yous."

I thought they never went to church,
And schools were quite unknown,
And children idled all the time,
And men were—children grown.

I thought that sawdust filled their heads
Where we are blessed with brains,
And that no mountain white had sense
To come in when it rains.

But when I came unto the land
Of which I heard so much,
I found that the inhabitants
Were not entirely such.

I found their features were not all
Exactly like baboons,
I found that some wore hats and coats
And some had pantaloons.

I found their teeth were quite as small
As Northern peoples' are
And that their ears, in point of size,
Were not peculiar.

I even saw a face or two
That might be handsome called,
And by their very largest feet
I was not much appalled.

I found some educated men,
Their names I could recall;
And heard some sentences that did
Not always start with "Waal."

I saw, and this you'll not believe,
A Judge among the lot,
And several whose houses were
Much larger than a cot.

I saw some women dressed with taste,
Saw children playing ball;
Some houses with a porch and stove
And pictures on the wall.

In fact they're not all brutes or fools
And I suspect that when,
You place them by the Yankee's side
They'll prove as valiant men.

March, 1912.

Our Mission Band

(Adapted from "The Angels Song," Standard Songs,
No. 25.

We're happy children in our Mission Band,
We're ever ready with heart and with hand
Gladly our offerings of love we bring,
Offerings, to Jesus, our Savior and King.
We to the children far off would send
Tidings of Jesus our Savior and Friend,
Tidings we'll send to each distant land—
This is the work of our Mission Band.

CHORUS

Tidings, glad tidings of joy we'll send
Tidings of Jesus, our Savior and Friend—
Tidings we'll send to each distant land,
This is the work of our Mission Band.

Though we are young we will work with our might,
Striving each day for the true and the right,
Doing each day what our hands find to do
Striving each day to be faithful and true.
Working for others with hearts full of love,
Trying to follow our Master above—
Serving with heart and with voice and with hand—
This is the work of our Mission Band.

CHORUS

At Last--The Vote

Come Sarah, Maude, Elizabeth,
Jane, Mary, Kate and Sue—
Rose, Margaret, Annie, Amy,
Belle, Gertrude, Helen, Lou—
Come all! In nineteen twenty
We'll sound a ringing note,
Though many years in coming,
This year we go to vote!

For weeks we've been "instructed"
By some well blessed with sense,
And some who only lately
Sat uncertain on the fence,
And some who had fought suffrage
Stood up, (and this is true),
To tell us ignorant women
Just what we ought to do.

But while we see the humor,
And understand the play,
We'll rise to the occasion
And greet the glorious day.
So come, my fellow citizens,
A cheer from every throat—
The second of November
We go to cast our vote!

October 24th, 1920.

Lake Junaluska

(To Mrs. F. L. Hunter of Durham, N. C.)

Oh, beautiful beyond compare are
Junaluska's waters,
'Tis here each year the South sends up
her splendid sons and daughters,
No lovelier spot was ever seen as Nature
had designed it,
And, aided by man's skillful hand,
the loveliest spot we find it.

No artist's brush can reproduce her
towering mountain ranges—
Majestic, restful, stately, they know
naught of war or changes,
Her wealth of beauty none can tell,
no pen can e'er portray it,
And yet, so potent is the spell, my
feeble pen essays it.

At sunset when we ride at ease on
stately "Oonaguska"
We vote this hour the best of all
spent at Lake Junaluska.
Or riding in the powerful car with
new, kind friends beside us,
It seems the very crown of life, this
joy was not denied us.

Shall we forget the friendships formed
or kindly words there spoken?
No breadth of land or length of time,
can make these ties be broken.

Here nature sends her vassal, Sleep,
to soothe the tired and weary
And pleasing dreams on all alike—no
night is sad or dreary.

Here nature lavishes her best, here,
growing strong and husky,
A life time would be far too short
Spent at Lake Junaluska!

Sleep

Let others rise if they desire
The gorgeous sunrise to admire—
Their souls in morning's joys to steep—
For me, I'd much, much rather sleep.

I've heard grand concerts by the birds,
Too sweet for my poor, halting words;
Their early hours they, too, may keep,
If they will only let me sleep.

Let others take an early ride—
And tell of it with glowing pride—
And watch o'er hills the sun's first peep,
But I would much, much rather sleep.

Those who have work may rise at five,
Some think it is the way to thrive
If they would health and riches heap—
Let me stay poor, but let me sleep.

They say Insomnia lays his hand
On some who say in our own land
That sleep at any price is sweet—
Strange, there are those who cannot sleep!

We've heard from childhood's early hour
Of birds and worm, of bee and flower—
They're welcome quite to all they reap,
If I'm allowed in peace to sleep.

Suppose

Suppose each woman, man and boy
 and girl would try the plan
Of doing for one single year the very
 best they can.
Suppose each second, minute, hour of
 every single day
Were filled with kindly deeds to all
 they meet along the way;
In every week, in every month of
 just one little year
The helpful deeds to mountain height
would rise both far and near.
For one whole year no unkind words,
 no greed nor grasping gain,
But helpfulness to every one in sorrow,
 grief or pain;
No leaving for some other hands the
 work that they could do,
But seizing opportunities to help, the
 whole year through.
If this could be of world-wide scope
 all wars would quickly cease
And everywhere on land and seas
 would rest the Dove of Peace.
If this could be, I wonder how this
 busy world would seem?
Perhaps like happy fairylands that we
 have seen in dreams.
Suppose we try for just one year to
 make this dream come true,
If everybody else will help, I will, and
 so should you.

Our Club

(To The Thursday Study Club of Hickory)

Here's to the club that each loves the best!
Here's to the club where we find needed rest
Where friends meet together and moments fly fast.
And each pleasant meeting surpasses the last
Where all are congenial and every one kind
Where each gives the best of her knowledge and mind,
Where little sharp corners are smoothed with a rub.
So first, last, and always, here's to our Club!

Dixie Land

Oh, Dixie-land is a land of flowers,
Sunny skies and cooling showers
We sing, we sing, we sing Dixie-land.
We love her streams and towering mountains
Fertile fields and sparkling fountains,
We sing, we sing, we sing Dixie-land.

CHORUS

Then raise the cheering chorus, we sing, we sing
Here some have wealth and all have health
And all are glad in Dixie,
We sing, we sing, we're glad we live in Dixie.
We sing, we sing, we're glad we live in Dixie.

Prosperity and peace abound here
All the fruits and grains are found here,
We sing, we sing, we sing Dixie-land.
Her sons and daughters stand together
To aid in fair or stormy weather,
We sing, we sing, we sing Dixie-land.

CHORUS

When duty calls to distant places
We miss her dear familiar faces
We sing, we sing, we sing Dixie-land.
We raise again the cheering chorus,
While soft and sunny skies smile o'er us
We sing, we sing, we sing Dixie-land.

CHORUS

Come to Hickory

If you would forget your woes

“Come to Hickory”

If you seek a town that grows

“Come to Hickory”

Hickory's climate is the best

North or South or East or West—

If you want to work or rest

“Come to Hickory!”

If a social life you crave

“Come to Hickory”

If your dollars you would save

“Come to Hickory”

Handsome churches you will see,

Finest schools as all agree,

If contented you would be

“Come to Hickory!”

Here you'll find the queen of flowers

“Come to Hickory”

Roses wet with April showers,

“Come to Hickory”

All the summer-long they blow,

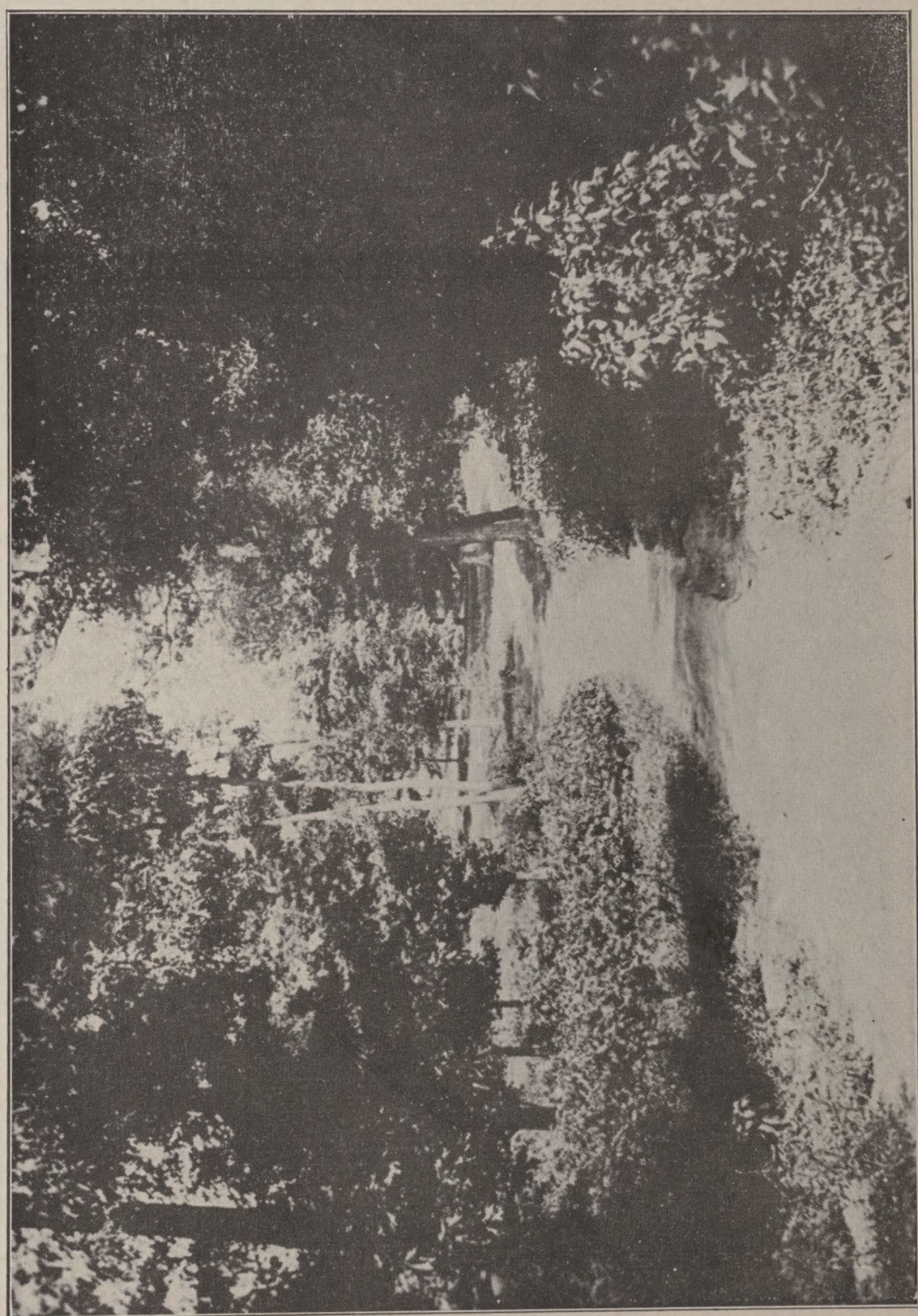
Here the fragrant violets grow,

Fine chrysanthemums we show—

“Come to Hickory!”

Public spirit you will find—
 “Come to Hickory”
Everyone you meet is kind
 “Come to Hickory”
Charming girls so sweet and gay,
Manly boys, our hope and stay
Never wish to go away—
 “Come to Hickory!”

Clubs for women, clubs for men—
 “Come to Hickory”
Clubs that number five times ten,
 “Come to Hickory”
Men and women, kind and true,
Do just what they say they’ll do,
Waiting here to welcome you,
 “Come to Hickory!”



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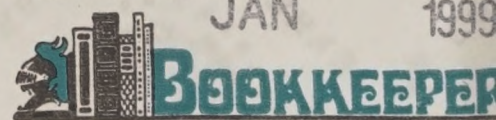
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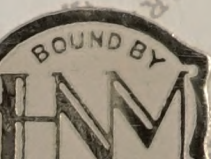


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